First in the Champs-filysees, marvelous in the neighborhood of the cafe-concerts; I go as far as the Rond-Point and return by way of the Elysee Palace; the crowd is in a holiday mood, more and more numerous and excited until the rue Royale; the way that the King of Spain will follow from the filysee is marked by luminous festoons forming above the faubourg Saint-Honore and the rue Royale delightful triumphal arches. Not able to bear seeing this without Em., I return home in haste to get her; but as soon as I have sat down in the apartment, I am seized with such exhaustion that we put off our walk until tomorrow.

Wednesday

The great disadvantage of this journal is that it constantly pulls me back toward the past. But I am beyond the age at which it was important to learn to appreciate the present. This morning I found every door closed: Welter's, that of the M*ercwre,* Peguy's, where I had some business to do.[13]1 felt well; I made the greatest mistake in idly sitting down at the terrace of the Cafe Soufflet, with the excuse of writing to Marcel, and of befuddling my mind with an aperitif that didn't even taste good. I am writing these lines in the metro, which is taking me to Ducote's, with whom I am to lunch. I did not write to Marcel. If I had simply sat down on a bench in the Luxembourg, if I had not shadowed for more than a quarter of an hour a decent enough but odd-looking man in rags, I should have been able to enjoy idyllically the warm air and the soft sunlight, keep my mind in that joyful mood, at once calm and irrepressible, that I had as I left the house this morning; I should have done something a little better than to set down dryly the way in which I spent the last three days.

Tuesday, right after lunch, Em. and I go to the Champs-filysees, where the King of Spain is to pass. Certainly if the King

had been less young and less handsome, sobs would not have choked me when I saw him salute the crowd as he passed. His face was drawn; he saluted with *I* Stiff little military salute.

When, two hours later, we saw him return from the Ely see, his smile was very different; his features, now amused rather than contracted, expressed only an amazed and still almost childish joy. Between the two parades we went to see the two Salons. Nothing so demoralizing as those exhibits.

In the evening we drive out in a carriage to see the boulevards and the squares lighted up. Em. returns home; I go back alone toward the

[13] The poet Charles P6guy kept a bookshop opposite the Sorbonne, where he published his *Cdhiers de la Quinzame.*